

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Hell's Henchman"

Yeah

One, two, pack pistol Pazienza  
Yo, Stoupe, yeah yeah this shit's crazy  
Yeah

He ain't gonna act right  
He ain't got a one two  
Murder, murder gunplay  
All these killers hunt you

No honor amongst thieves 'round here  
Sniff OC's and dope d's 'round here

It's no honor amongst thieves

You should've knew he was foul

Ain't no beating me you dummies should've threw in the towel  
And if I owe you, Vinnie threw in the vow  
And these pistols gonna blow like we do in the trap  
Listen, I saw son name scribbled on the document  
Disembodied Nephilim aboriginal occupant  
The witchcraft watches an indivisible monument  
Nebuchadnezzar, the prophetic vision of Solomon  
A real thin line between the Wesson and the sword  
Pistol gang Pazzy have you questioning the lord  
You backwards motherfuckers wrestling with fraud  
Recording in the bedroom the best you can afford  
There's sneaker boxes but there ain't no shoes up in the box  
The rap Paul Bunyan, Vinnie moving with an ox  
Pistolero Pazzy gonna be shooting at an ock  
The 50 cal Barret lift a loser out his socks

He ain't gonna act right  
He ain't got a one two  
Murder, murder gunplay  
All these killers hunt you

No honor amongst thieves 'round here  
Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right  
He ain't got a one two  
Murder, murder gunplay  
All these killers hunt you

We cut coke and sell jums round here  
We push dope and tote guns round here

I ain't fucking with you money I'm just grinding through the gristle  
I kept my eyes peeled because I'm riding with a whistle  
Fiocchi hollow points, they just colliding with the tissue

The makti and Gaadafi were providing me with missiles  
This dirty motherfucker always cooking me the pies  
The same motherfucker couldn't look me in the eyes  
I know the fucking D's gonna book me if he dies  
His head got popped boy, you shouldn't be surprised  
You got shooters? I got shooters, we can do the thing  
Once they see the guns they gonna be talking like they Pootie Tang  
Bullets coming back at motherfuckers like a boomerang  
They knock me on some stupid shit and have me doing two in chains  
Did a lot of talking when the powder on his man  
There's burn marks and gunpowder on my hand  
What type of shit is that? That's the move a sucker make  
You don't wanna scrap I'll take you out like it's a fuckin' date

He ain't gonna act right  
He ain't got a one two  
Murder, murder gunplay  
All these killers hunt you  
No honor amongst thieves 'round here  
Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right  
He ain't got a one two  
Murder, murder gunplay  
All these killers hunt you  
We cut coke and sell jums round here  
We push dope and tote guns round here

Yeah, pack pistol Pazzy